MR. EDMUND YATES.

HIS DEATH-INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER-"THE WORLD" AND ITS INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

London, May 21. The death of Mr. Edmund Yates was so sudden that, even if he had been an unknown man, his a few practical results already recorded to the credit of passing away must have attracted attention. He was struck with paralysis, or perhaps apoplexy, In the stalls of the Garrick Theatre, on the first night of the reproduction of "Money." The play was over, the audience were departing; he still sat in his seat when the blow came, and he fell, all but lifeless. In a few hours he was dead. I imagine it may have been the kind of ending he would have preferred. The curtain had rung down,-it was as fitting a conclusion to the comedy of life as any other;-most fit of all for one who was the son of an actor and actress, and all his life long had kept up an intimate acquaintance with the stage, before and behind the foot-

Mr. Yates had qualities which endeared him to his friends; of whom he could count many. He was for many years a well-known figure in some circles in London,-literary, theatrical, professional, and others. One of his eulogists speaks of him as a man of society, and so, in a sense, he was, but not in the sense in which his own journal, devoted largely to the doings of society in its more exclusive meaning, would have used the word. That matters nothing. What matters to the public he leaves behind him, both in England and in America, was the peculiar work he did and the peculiar influence he had.

He was a dramatic critic, but that was not, in his time or from his point of view, a kind of work which left a deep mark. He was a novelist, but none of his novels have lived. He wrote much for magazines and some trifles for the stage. If he had done nothing else he would have passed away unnoticed. His early work in journalism was miscellaneous, as work in journalism commonly is, and ephemeral. He had been, among other things, a special correspondent, but his ambition never led him into those fields which the extraordinary abilities and courage of a Russell or a Forbes illuminated, nor will be be remembered, as they will, for distinguished ser-

He found his true career some twenty years ago; then about forty years of age and in the ful-Then it was that he ness of his strength. He had the instinct which led him to purposes and from his own standpoint-at the right time. Society had for some years before that been undergoing that process of democratization which enlarged its borders and quintupled its numbers. If it had an oracle, it was "The Morning Post," which was an oracle to the same extent that an almanac is an astronomical treatise, or a catalogue of books a contribution to literature. It gave certain dates and names and facts; the arrival and departure of persons of consequence, or persons who thought they might become of consequence by investing a guinea in a two-line paragraph in this guidebook to the upper classes. It announced parties, and printed lists of those who had been present at the parties, and at dinners. It did, and continues to do, much convenient, if humble, work of this kind, and it had almost a monopoly of

Mr. Yates conceived a broader scheme, He perceived that there was nothing the British public liked more to read about than that very society from which, as a public, they were excluded. He perceived also that the ornaments sort. of society rather liked to be read about. Royalty and Aristocracy were, or could be made, inexhaustible topics. The task demanded free yet discreet handling, novelty in method, and a frank admission of the aims to be pursued. If the aims were not very exalted, that, perhaps, was as much the fault of society as of its new chronicler. He set forth his purpose in a prospectua | both.

the money article for which he was very competent. It was, I think, Mr. Yates's intention to keep clear of scandal, at least in an actionable form, and it was some years before the mistake of a paid and titled contributor sent him to Holloway Jail for four months on a sentence for criminal libel. Thereafter, and perhaps before, the proofs used to be read weekly before publication by an eminent criminal lawyer.

Mr. Yates knew very well what his own social position was, and he had the good sense to understand that neither he nor any one journalist, or one anybody, could cover the ground which such a paper as his was meant to occupy. He A GOOSE OF MORE THAN FORTY-FIVE YEARS enlisted contributors from very various ranks. It came to be known that for any paragraph containing information about the social life of people in a recognized rank, half-crowns or half-sovereigns, or larger sums, would be forthcoming. There are always people in all ranks in want of money, and that Mr. Yates knew. He came directly or indirectly into relation with these people. The post brought him every morning a full bag. He had,-at least he was believed to have,-one or more regular contributors about the Court-it must have been more than one since there is a frequent change among lords and ladies in waiting, and the regular official was less likely than they to take what was at first thought the risk of supplying this particular kind of news. He had regular but I think largely also irregular contributors among men, and especially among women, whose position made their news useful-people who really were asked, and did not have to pretend they were asked, to dinners and parties and balls. If, in addition to these, some of his sources of intelligence had not an intimate acquaintance with the pantry and the servants' hall, he and they were much belied. He had much the same method with the two Services, the Army and Navy, as with society. The Church supplied him with another special topic. Politics, the Drama, Literature, the Turf, each had its particular department and its own chief. All were treated rather more lightly than in the daily paper. The Celebrity at Home became a "feature" by itself.

One effect of all this was to bring journalism in this country a little more up to date. It was before the "fin de siècle" had been heard of, but the phrase is one which then and ever since might well have been applied to Mr. Yates and to his paper. When it was seen that this new journalism,-though it was not what Matthew Arnold meant by new journalism-throve and prospered, imitators appeared by the score. This was the sincerest flattery paid him. He had discerned a new want and supplied it, and forthwith others became aware that they could supply the same kind of wares, or nearly the same. Of all these rivals the only one which entered upon a serious competition was the extraordinary sheet which its editor and proprietor, always a lover of the ironical, christened "Truth." It is selleved in the profession,-by which I mean the

profession of journalism-that Mr. Labouchere, with his natural bent toward finance, and capacity for business, made his paper pay even beter than that of Mr. Yates, who nevertheless had an income approaching that of the Lord Chancellor, or let us say the President of the United States, his salary having, of late years, en raised to a level with that of the Keeper of the Queen's Conscience.

If the swarm of other society papers was a

Practical Results-13 Years' Work.

EIGHTEEN MILLION ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ALREADY PAID TO

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MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION. E. B. HARPER, President. Home Office, 38 Park Row, N. Y. Send for circulars and rates.

tribute to the accuracy with which Mr. Yates had ence he had on the daily journalism of this counmiscellaneous personal paragraphs and social a question of sheer hard knocks.

has led some American papers to adopt libel as offect of the scene, in the cluste movements of a profession, or to deny that private life has any the banderilleros and capeadors, and in the beaurights whatever which the publicity of journal- uful action of the bull. The interest in this purely ism is bound to respect. You sometimes hear of the Americanization of the English Press. It has never been Americanized to that extent, or in that way. The names of women in private life are still held sacred by all but the baser

I have known Mr. Yates a long time, but never had any right to reckon myself among his intimate friends, or, perhaps, among his friends at all. We were on terms of easy acquaintance, nothing more. There was much in him to like. He was genial, cordial, honest in his likes and honest in his dislikes, and outspoken about Curiously sensitive, withat, as almost work has any permanent value. He lives from hand to mouth, and from day to day, or, as in Mr. Yates's case, from week to week; a period long enough to insure that the last essay or opinion had been forgotten before the next was penned or printed. He had some reputation as a talker, and until of late years his voice and manner had a robustness which was effective in a mixed company. The paper he founded and owned and long edited lives after him, of course, and is his best epitaph, G. W. S.

From The San Francisco Call.

Colonel B. B. Jackson, of Sisklyou County, who is one of the commissioners to the fair, is anxiously awaiting the appearance of a live goose which is supposed to be on its way to this city and which if its identity proves what every indication points it to be, will effectually knock the pins from under all the tales told about a goose not living to a great age. History does not tell us at just what age the "old gray goose" died of which the old song treats, but the general impression aseems to be that the fowl in question seldom attains a greater age than ten or twelve years. The evidence at hand, however, would seem to indicate that his gooseship of which this item treats is a hale old fellow of over forty-five years. Colonel Jackson gives the following particulars of the goose's early history: "In 1849 I and eight other Gregonians ran across Kit Carson and General Fremont with a small force of men near the sink of the Humboldt in Nevada. They had been rounded up by a lot of Indians, but we beat them off and all went into camp together on the spot. Provisions had got pretty low, and one day Carson proposed to me that we go out and try for some deer. We started out together and met with poor luck, and while separated from Kit I took a shot at a fat buck in the brush, but he got away from me. Just after I fired I noticed a fluttering sound coming from the direction in which I had aimed, and upon investigation I found a young goose, which had been slightly injured, but had become entangled in the thick underbrush and thus prevented from escaping. At this juncture Carson came up and I proposed that we take a rest, at the same time telling him that I was going to mark the goose and let it go. For this purpose I took the tin'tag which always came around the percussion-cap boxes furnished by Uncle Sam in those days, and marked the initials of my name and the date on the tag in heavy and enduring characters with a file which we carried to repair the locks of our guns. This tag was release From The San Francisco Call.

HISTORY CAN'T OMIT IT.

From The Indianapolis Journal.
"Do you think the present Congress will attain any recognition in history?"
"Of course. It has a number, hasn't it?"

ALL THE SAME IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE From The St. Louis Giobe-Democrat.

Prom The St. Louis Giobe-Democrat.

Washington, May 26.—The rule of the Dead Letter Office is to make extraordinary effort to return all missent letters which are found to contain money. But blind obedience to this rule is the basis of an entertaining story. A boy in the Indian school on the Skokomish reservation, which is about three miles from the postomic of Union City. State of Washington, wrote a letter to his brother at Seabeck some time ago, inclosing in it a small sum of money. He also wrote on the envelope that if it should not be delivered in proper time it was to be returned to the writer. His brother did not call for it, and it was returned to Union City. The postmaster there had not heard of the boy, and on inquiry failed to find him. Accordingly he sent the letter to the Dead Letter Office. On arrival here it was opened, and it had money in it, it was returned to Union City with a long letter of instructions to find the writer if possible. After inquiry the boy was at last found, and was requested to go in person, caim the letter and receipt for it, and the postmaster had to go through as much red tape as if the letter had contained \$1,000. The joke becomes evident when it is known that the money in the letter amounted to only a one-cent postage stamp and a copper cent.

A SPANISH FARCE.

ENACTED IN THE BULL RING UNDER ANOTHER NAME.

FIGHTS THAT ARE NOT FIGHTS-AN ENCOUNTER IN WHICH THE MAN HAS ALL THE PRO-TECTION, WHILE HORSE AND BULL

TAKE ALL THE RISK-A NEW CONCEPTION OF BRAVERY. [FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.] Madrid, May 14, 1894, The buil ring would seem to be the last place

in the world to which to carry a sense of humor. gauged the spirit and needs of his time, the influ- Yet it is brought into active play there and it is possible to smile at the same time that emotions other day, however. Every one who travels on railtry was, in a way, even more remarkable. So-clety news was slowly seen to be a necessity. If at the expense of the fighters, so-called; the mule is not to be mentioned in the same breath ciety news was slowly seen to be a necessity. is at the expense of the fighters, so-called; the The daily papers began to have personal col- pleadors, capeadors, espadas, banderilleros, and umns, and intelligence from Mayfair and Bel- so on; and the guileless Madrilenes. Inside and gravia. By way of decorum, they printed it as outside the ring the impression seems to be that a pendant to the Court Circular, and still do. It fighting is going on. As a matter of fact a borrows respectability from Majesty, and game of skill is being played in which the risk back in the seat to read. It was warm and stuffy from royalty in general. They began also to to life and limb is reduced to such a minimum in the car, as it always is in cars, and he attempted understand the value of the paragraph, and to that all the memories of Rome and Carthage perceive that if you only wanted to bring down with which one enters the amphitheatre are a sparrow, a fowling piece is a more serviceable | dissipated as by a sudden return to Coney Island. weapon than a sixty-ton gun. The columns of Who ever started the tradition that the Spanish 'London Day by Day" and "Paris Day by Day" | bull ring was a place for the display of courage? and "This Morning's News'-which is seldom | Such a place it may be still, but its present news,-and the London Letter in the London rulers are hardly worthy to tie the shoestrings paper itself, and the various forms under which of an American football player, when it comes to

origin to Mr. Vates. As a London paper of the one has found out—that a buil gravitates natumightier sort seldom cares to own an obligation | rally toward a red flag. They turn an animal to an individual, this one was not acknowledged. | loose in an enormous ring. He paws the earth, brandishes his tail, shakes his mighty shoulders, It is not necessary to express an opinion on the lowers his head, and charges with teriffic impetus question whether these and other modifications upon the gaudily dressed gymnast who has been his paper were distinguished and honorable. He had broken ground. He had taken a considerable than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the than would a rope fastened to a ring in the risk. He had embarked upon an adventure builts near the builts near the builts near the conductor. "If you myself." But he didn't. "Oh," said the conductor good-naturedly, "it risks a little 171 have a brakeman open it. of London journalism are beneficial or the re- flaunting a red cloak at his muzzle. The man had broken ground. He had taken a considerable than would a rope fastened to a ring in the risk. He had embarked upon an adventure buil's nose. It leads him instantly in another which might lead to fame and fertune, or to other drection and capeador number one escapes with less desirable results. Fortune, as I said, he did case. The vast audience screams with delight. less desirable results. Fortune, as I said, he did case. The vast annual said with the value of the value of the said which he valued. But is this courage? The question recurs again which is this courage? Sir George Lewis in defending him for libet and again during the national spectacle of Spulin, spoke of his client as a man who had made a and it is not plain that it can be answered in name of which he was proud. There are still, the affirmative, or if so, without very great it may be conjectured, men who do not look upon qualifications. The whole game is arranged so "that The society journalism as an unmixed good. Those that the man can win with practical safety. The of founded the society fournal known as "The who practise it may not always approve it; title of the "bull-fighter" is something like that another word who practise it may not always approve it; title of the "hull-fighter is superiorize has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" at the control of the "swordsman" whose experience has been at the control of the "swordsman" at the control of the co do the right thing-right, I mean for his own Some of them might admit that it has vulgarized gained with his body padded, his hands gloved, regard for the sanctity of private life are not its distinguishing characteristics. "The World," how-servant of his with a disposition to exercise The I ever, though it printed much which in other times a beneficent tyranny over his quarters. "She w would not have been printed at all, kept within commanded by virtue of a brevet conferred by well-marked lines. There never was a time when herself." The only participants in a Spanish bullit lived on scandal. It was more profitable as fight after the bulls who incur serious risk are well as more seemly to exploit the innocent if the foriorn backs ridden by the picadors. They, not dignified appetite of the middle classes for poor, blindfolded beasts, are nothing more nor poor, blindfolded beast

> artistic side of the fete begins even before the Plaza de Toros is reached. All Madrid pours itself down the Alcala, from the Puerta del Sol. population goes out on its weekly hollday in nondescript conveyances. It was also on fast, mice of the "Triple Alliance," wrote: the Prado, the Paris which Madrid forever inds | nobling computation. What daring is there, what valor, what cleverness, what but an unutterable pusillanimity in making a barrier for yourself out of a quivering, helpiess animal while you pierce your enemy with a long lance? In one of these crises the pleador was unhorsed, and it seemed as though there would be an honest test of power between the noble creature from the Spanish pastures and his ignoble opponent. The latter was as safe as though he were miles away. The capeadors had engaged the attention of the bull the instant the horse had fallen. The pleador was assisted to his feet by one of the capeadors, but much against his will. The man declined the aid with evident irritation, as though it were an imputation upon his character as a fighter. Then one had to laugh. The air, the presumption, the silly vanity, were too irresistibly comic. This same picador insisted upon mounting his dring horse and riding him round the ring until even the callous spectators were ashamed and forced him to abandon the beast.

After the bull has been infuriated sufficiently by these encounters, in which he is under every disadvantage, and in which his fresh strength is opposed not by the skill of the pleaders, but by the blind resistance of the horses, the banderilleros annoy him systematically with their gayly decorated darts. They provoke him to swift, headlong charges across the ring. They stick the darts in his shoulders; and, smarting under the points, he pursues them at a gallop, only the distribution of those 31 watches." only to be disappointed at the barrier over which only to be disappointed at the barrier over which they lightly leap, or to be intercepted by one of the red cloaks which are always hovering near him. This part of the fight is interesting, for it is full of gracefully moving men, and the bulk himself, in his rage, is a majestic animal. There is, too, a little of the element of personal daring, which is, on the whole, missing. It requires pluck as well as agility to plant the darts in the body of the bull, for to do so the bander-tillero must approach within a few inches of the animal. There is some courage, also, of the sort illero must approach within a few inches of the animal. There is some courage, also, of the sort based on the resource of red cloaks, exhibited in the following scene, the last, when the espada approaches on foot with his blade and warily seeks for the spot in which to give the buil his death stroke. This delicate operation is not to be wholly despised. But how far the espada trusts to the exhaustion of his prey and how little he dares when he is not sure of an opening were clearly shown yesterday afternoon. The buil Habanero, a royal animal, had fought were clearly shown yesterday afternoon. The buil Habanero, a royal animal, had fought against excessive odds, with such spirit and endurance that one felt an admiration and a sympathy for him that the espada never even faintly excited. Thrice the espada endeavored to bring him to the earth, the last time leaving his sword in the buil's neck, and thrice the fiery animal shook his horns disdainfully and moved across the ring. Then was enacted the most unmanly scene I have ever witnessed. The espada followed the buil to the barrier, unconsciously honoring him, as it seemed to me, by showing that lowed the buil to the barrier, unconsciously honoring him, as it seemed to me, by showing that,
at least, the buil would die where he chose.
While the espada stood before the hesitating animal, still flaunting a cloak, a man climbed from
behind and with a dagger took the life that
would not be yielded in fair fight. It was an
assassination.
This "entertainment," as it is to the Spantards certainly leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

assassination.

This "entertainment," as it is to the Spaniards, certainly leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is too much like butchery. One does not go to a shambles to be amused, and the Spanish buil ring is a shambles, pure and simple. One wants to see combats of equal forces. Such a revival of primitive barbarism would doubtless excite the horror of all Europe. Tender-hearted people would grow maudlin over the men with souls who were being placed at the mercy of brute beasts. But the men with souls would always have the option of taking to agriculture, street sweeping, shoemaking or some other harmless occupation; and the chances are ten to one that they wouldn't wait long before making their choice. Granting that they stuck to bull-

fighting, there remains the idea that somehow a soul surrendered in brave fight is a healthier, larger, worthier soul than one that departs in peace after a record of countiess innocent horses killed under it—to say nothing of buils treacherously and murderously dispatched. The builfight of to-day is a sneaking, cowardly thing. As an exhibition of courage it is first and last an absolute farce. The buil is the Bayard of the ring.

INSISTING UPON HIS RIGHTS.

A PASSENGER WANTED A CAR WINDOW OPEN, AND HE HAD HIS WAY.

There is nothing like demanding one's right. average American will fight for his rights if you tell him that he cannot have them, but if you say nothing about them, you can appropriate them with impunity, and he has nothing to say. An exception to the rule put himself in evidence the with it. Wherever it is, there it stays. If it is up it is like Banquo's mhost about downing. If it is down-well, it is down and down it stays.

The American who thows his rights and insists upon having them go, into his car and settled to raise the window. It did not budge, and he took a firmer hold and gave a stronger tug. The window stayed right where it was. The man got little red around the neck and gave a harder pull than before. Of course, the window was made to stay down, and it performed its proper function For an instant there was a wild look in the man's eyes. He leaned back as if he were going to have that window open if he had to pull out the whole elde of the car. He half-rolled up his sleeves and paragraphs are scheduled may all trace their. The Spanish long ago discovered what every his lips were closed tightly. Then he suddenly gan to read it. His eyes were intently fixed on the page when the conductor came along.

Tickets, please." The passenger raised his eyes, and there was a questioning light in them. window?" he askel. Pertainly," answered the conductor. "Til open or you myself." But he didn't.

Til have to put you off this train."

Very well then, put we off.

But I tell you I'll send a man to open it," coled

Some of them might admit that it has vulgarized life; that delicacy, refinement, and a scrupulous regard for the sanctity of private life are not its reminded of Mr. Lowell's observation on a lower time it was customary for her hand. In former times it was customary for her hand. In former times it was customary for the shake lit was the trick of the expert, the skilled window-opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener, the part of the envoy to don full evening dress on such but the window opener. indow, brakeman, red the other

STALIAN DOCTORS DESCRIBED ONE WHO SAYS HE HATES "EQUALITY."

the central square of the city, into the huge famous men of his country, asking their opinion building beyond the arch of Charles III. The of Socialism, and received a number of interesting which all the relatives and intimate friends of replies. The Conservative Senator Negri, formerly | both families are invited. It is on that day that cabs, omnibuses, street cars, and all kinds of Mayor of Milan, and one of the most spirited ene- the suitor presents to his flancée his first bounondescript conveyances. It goes are to me, gives rise to feelings both of sympathy and also the engagement ring. The official announce-

tates is distantly recalled. In the theatre the pict- principles on the condition, however, that the free | time of her betrothal up to the date of her mar-

but riper reflection has known me the its theories are nonsensical.

The dramatist Marcorage is an inveterate enemy of the Socialist. 'I hate Socialism," he writes. 'because it speaks of 'equality. That single word makes me angry. And to what should Socialism lead? To general stupidity—although, it is possible, that the economical condition of the people would be improved thereby."

HE WANTED AN EASIER WAY. The Detroit Free Press.

"One of the lest salesmen we he of the very best," said a well-caler, "came to us ten years as

will allow you a commission of 25 per cent on all you sell for cash."
"I don't rightly understand this commission and per cent business, said he, scratching his head, seein't init used to it; but I'll tell you what I'll do; you just agree to give me ten cents on every dollar's worth I sell and I'll undertake it; that's plain enough for anybody to understand."
"I let him go at that," hushed the merchant in conclusion, "and made it up to him at the end of the year by putting him on the road with a good salary, and permission to tell the story every time we gave him a raise, and we gave him one yesterday, and I've told the story a good many times."

TWAS THE THROB OF MACHINERY. From The Chicago Record.

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From The London Spectator.

From The London Speciator.

We restret that the nature of the book prevents the appearance of Shakespeare's two stage dogs, who played their parts with the others, as his best tribute to their qualities—Launce's delightful little possession, and the 'This dog, my dog,' of Fyramus and Thisbe. The present writer once saw the latter part performed by an animal who got by far the best appliance of the day. He was a little terrier who in private life belonged to the actor who played Fyramus, and came on with him at a matinee. He looked at the audience and wasged his talt. Then he turned to his master and watched him as he declatmed the famous fustian with due exaggeration. His opinion was soon formed—that that master was making a fool of himself. He yapped once shortly and contemptuously, turned his back on him, and faced the audience again in a sitting posture, which he retained. The contempt was perfect. But stage dogs should have a volume to themselves.

One very fine fellow was wont to come on the stage with his mistress during a very long run. He grew so accustomed to his work that he missed it like an unemployed player when the play was withdrawn, and after a vain period of restlessness he pined and died. Mr. Irving is credited with the possession of a shrewd beast that knows all his master's characters, and what he is going to play, when he begins to dress. Some he watches from the wine, others he abandons at particular points which offend him; some, like Hamlet, for instance, nothing will induce him to "sit out" at all. He stays in the dressing-room, under the sofa.

IMITATION SWEETBREADS.



TOPICS IN PARIS.

WEDDING ETIQUETTE OF THE "GREAT

WORLD."

THE CARNOTS BRING UP THEIR CHILDREN WELL -PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES BECOMES A ROMAN CATHOLIC-TITLED ARTISTS-

AMBROISE THOMAS'S RED RIBBON.

There is such a large number of grand marriages on the eve of taking place here, including those of the Comte Armand de la Rochefoucauld "If you don't mind," said the passenger, with a smile. "Il) have the window open before I give up my ticket."

"You will have to give me your ticket," said the conductor, firmly.
"But I won't, replied the passenger, "until the window is open." that prevails here with regard to betrothals and weddings in the great world may be of interest to the readers of The Tribune.

The first step after the suitor has privately assured himself of the disposition of the fair one toward him is to dispatch either his father or some old and very near relative to present officially to the parents of the young lady his demand for her hand. In former times it was customary occasions, no matter what the hour of the day; but would open, threw it up but this has gone out of fashion, and what may sing your seat? he asked be described as afternoon dress is sufficient. In answer, and the "man's asking for the hand of the girl, he is careful to explain with as much delicacy as possible the explain with as much delicacy as possible the financial situation of his principal, the prospects of the latter, expatiating at the same time upon of which or nearly all have come to utter grief

ever shown that spirit of "enterprise" which
has led some American papers to adopt libel as profession, or to done the content of the scene in the photocal approach to the scene in the photocal doodle-loo" way.

"Certainty" answering papers and being careful to dispel any prejudices that proceeding again, while a fresh have been formed with regard to him. As briefly come the process of his paper fluirer in a sort of "Yankes" and being careful to dispel any prejudices that photocal pleasure in the photocal pleasure in all his good qualities, either real or imaginary, visit their house daily, and fix the day of the betrothal. This is considered in the light of a far more important ceremony than in either England Moderna" recently wrote to a number of the or America, and is signalized by a great dinner "Socialism, quet, consisting exclusively of white flowers, and In thousands. Hundreds of private carriages join the procession, and there is a sprinkling of horsemen. Under the brilliant afternoon light the sight is by all odds the gayest the city has to on the other hand the political convents. the signt is by an order to a place the gradual improvem at and enof modety by the adoption of Socialistic draw altogether from the public gaze from the written with great skill. It was, I think, his best literary performance, unless a certain piece of invective, as vigorous as it was coarse and mercless, on Mr. Robert Buchanan may dispute the legislation of the world, Mr. Yates had his own the claim to being Mr. Yates's masterpiece.

From the beigning "The World" was a success financially at first, I do not know, but any case, financial success financially at first, I do not wery soon. He had as ecadjutors Mr. Greatlife by the content of the color of the world was a success of the color of the banquet, immediately prior to which the signing of the contract takes place in the presence of a notary. It is the last occasion on which the bride appears in any of her maiden tollettes, and she is debarred by the rules of good form from adorning herself with any of the jewels con-

tion of the wedding gifts takes place. With re-

gard to the latter, the English custom of pre-

hall, which precedes the religious ceremony by two or three days. The bride, as well as the

ladies of the party, are in street dress, while the

men wear frock coats. The flance calls for his

bride at her house, but drives from thence in a

carriage with his own nearest relatives, the bride

going with her parents, while the witnesses of

the bride and bridegroom follow in other car-

riages. After the completion of this ceremony

the bride takes the arm of her husband and re-

turns to her parents' house in a carriage with

the groom and her parents-in-law. In the

evening her parents again give a banquet. With

regard to the religious marriage itself, it is only

necessary to say that the men are all in evening

dress, which is a great trial to the wearers, as it

never looks well by daylight. All this may seem

trivial, but the people here are, so to speak, on

horseback on the score of etiquette in such mat-

ters, and would, I am certain, be more inclined

to show indulgence toward any infraction of the

civil or criminal code than of the iron-clad laws

of conventionality, which are to be found, in a more or less modified form, observed with identical importance by every class of French society. just been announced of M. Ernest Carnot to the daughter of Senateur Chiris. M. Carnot is the accord son of the President, is twenty-seven years old and has worked his way up to the rank of inspector of the branch offices of the great navigation company known as the Messageries Maritimes. He only returned six weeks ago from an official trip to the various ports of South America. Both he and his two brothers, one of whom is an infantry lleutenant stationed at Dijon and the other a very studious pupil of the Ecole Centrale, are quiet, unassuming youths entirely free from affectation and who have but rarely been seen at the Elysee, their parents having intentionally kept them at a distance with the object of preventing their character being spoiled by the adulation to which they would have been subjected by persons desirous of currying favor with the Chief Magis-

From The Pittsburg Dispatch.

"A true sweetbread is perhaps the most healthy meat that can be eaten," said a doctor yesterday, "but you are never able to get it. The sweetbread, "The conversion to Catholicism of Princess of Pressia, the widow of the famous cavalry general who received the capitular to fine real sweetbread, it has not the same beneficial qualities. Hut some butchers, in order to make money, pass off the salivary giand, that which furnishes the salivar, located in the cheeks, for a sweetbread of the capitular to make money, pass off the salivary giand, that which furnishes the salivar giand, that which furnishes the salivar located in the cheeks, for a sweetbread is the most inferior substitute of all. The pancreas or real sweetbread is a most dainty morsel. It is of triangular form, while the sweetbread sobtained from the throat are of oval form. But what is the use of making people dissatisfied? They have been eating thyroid and salivary glands for sweetbreads for years and have been satisfied. But then they have never tasted the real thing."

Strong of currying favor with the Chief Magis—trate of Princes.

The conversion to Catholicism of Princess
Frederick Charles of Prussia, the widow of the famous cavalry general who received the capitular famous cavalry general who received the real that the runcle and aunt, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, were converted in Paris to the fact that her uncle and aunt, the Duke and June famous cavalry general who received in Paris to the fact that her uncle and aunt, the Duke and June famous cavalry general who received in Paris to the fact that her uncle

which they had until then belonged, took place in the Church of St. Paul and St. Louis, in the Rue de St. Antoine. There has been only con similar conversion among members of the reigning house of Prussia during the present century, that of Queen Mary of Bavaria, mother of the present demented King, and who was a sister of old Emperor William.

The all-absorbing question in the Faubourg St. Germain and monarchical circles at the present moment is as to whether the recent marriage of Don Carlos with the Princesse Bertha de Robes is to be considered morganatic or not. The majority of the French ultra-Legitimists, popularly known as the "Blancs d'Espagne," are of the opinion that it is morganatic and have consequently renounced their allegiance to the Pretender, who is even deserted by the Prince de Valori, hitherto the principal representative of his interests in France. The Prince and his fellow "Whites" have turned their faces toward the Pretender's son, Don Jaime, who, with his the ters, declined to attend the marriage and have broken off relations with their father, deeply of fended that the latter should have mourned their mother, the Duchess of Madrid, so short a time. Don Jaime is as universally respected here and at all the foreign courts as his father is the reverse, and is a young man whose strength of character and soundness of principle give promise that he will keep clear of all those numerous scandals which have tended so greatly to bring both the name and the cause of his father into disrepute in every civilized country under the sun. It may be added that the Vatican, consulted

on the subject by Don Carlos, has emitted the opinion that, inasmuch as the Princesse de Rohan descends from the former reigning Dukes of Brittany, she may be classified with the mediatized families; that is to say, with families which have formerly reigned and which are still considered as of sovereign rank with respect to matrimonial alliances. Neither the Carlists in Spats nor the "Blanes d'Espagne" in France, however accept this view, and are probably very glad of the opportunity which the marriage has afforded them of renouncing their allegiance to a leader who was altogether unworthy of their loyalty and devotion

In a former letter I drew attention to the large number of members of the aristocracy and the great world here who have achieved eminence in the world of letters. The considerable quantity of paintings now on view in one or other of the two Salons and signed with illustrious autographs goes to show that art runs literature very closely in popularity among the members of our grande monde. In the two Salons I find among the best hung exhibitors the name of the Comte de Montholon, the Comtesse Mathide Andiau, daughter of the Marquis of that name; the Comte de Saint-Maur. M. de Portal, Comba de Mirmont. De Champeaux, De Pibrac, D'Egi-

the Prince Karageorgevicz, the Prince trouces skel and many others too numerous to name here.

The elevation of Ambroise Thomas, the composer of "Mignon." which has just been performed for the one thousandth time at the Opera, to the rank of Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, has served to draw attention to the fact that he is the first of his profession to receive this rare distinction. For it is rare distinction when one reflects that there are only six French civilians who are entitled to wear the broad ref ribbon "en sautoir," that it is to say, six with Ambroise Thomas, the others being old Count Benedetti, whose memorable interview with the Prussian King at Ems precipitated the war of 1870; Ferdinand de Lesseps, Professor Pasteur, Tirman, the ex-Governor General of Aigeria, and President Carnot. While the Grand Crosses accorded to military and naval men carry with them a pension of \$700 each, no such provision is made for civilians.

American admirers of the great French poet Lamartine will be interested to learn of the death here three days aro of Mile de Lamartine, his niece, and the relative who endeavored throughout the last few years of his life to soften the bitterness of the loss of his popularity and of his fortune. Her entire existence was devoted throughout his life to his welfare and after his death to his memory. She leaves behind her to her own nieces, Mme de Parceval and Mme, de Belleroche, all her uncle's papers, manyof them of great importance, and likewise the manscripts of "Jocelyn" and the Girondin, but no fortune; having been dependent almost entirely of the pension of \$3,000 per annum assigned to her by the municipality of this city in return for her cession of the Chalet of the Bois de Boulogae, which had been presented by the metropolis to the poet in the days of his greater glory. tained in the "corbeille." It is at the reception which follows that banquet that the only exhibisenting checks and orders upon the manufacturers for carriages, suites of furniture, or even entire houses, has come into use. Next comes the civil marriage at the Mairie, or town

PERPETUAL YOUTH VERSUS FATHER TIME'S INROADS.



Madame Julia Mays. 24 E. 54th-st., announces to the ladies of the world that she has invented a process by which she removes all traces of age—the index to the years passed—and will reproduce the natural bloom of youth in any face. Wrinkles, the most disastrous blemist on a face, and most dreaded and disliked by every one who admires the beautiful, are successfully obliterated is not over two treatments. Pockmarks, Scars, Birthmarks, and all detriments to the charming appearance disappear by this treatment. The Madame is backed up in her statements and work by leading physicians of this city. sy this treatment. The Madame is backed up in acceptance of the city.

St. Louis, Chicago and London, whose certificates are independent and to be seen at her office; also testimonials of different ladies treated. A lady (doctor) 80 years of against under treatment for a sample of this wonderful